Numb. 5.

Heraclitus Ridens:

AT

A Dialogue between Jeſt and Earneſt, concerning the Times.

Tueſday, March 1. 1681.

Jeſt Reading a Billet *per* Peny-Poſt.

SIR,

YOU are requeſted to increaſe our number with your Divertive Company at the Nuptials to be celebrated between Mr. Popular Fears, *and Mrs.* Joan Jealouſie, *two of our Faithful Congregational Friends, to morrow at* Sedition-Sellers-Hall, *in* Common-wealth-Lane *near* Toleration-Street, *and to bring this Ticket along with you, which will give you apreſent and welcom admiſſion to*

Your true Proteſtant *Mercury* Friends

Fran. Smith, Anab. Teacher.

Manyaſs. Ben. Harris. } Bridemen.
Lang. Curtis. }

Well! certainly this penny-Poſt was the moſt happy invention of this fortunate Age: there was never any thing ſo favourable to the carrying on and managing Intrigue: that and the Preſs being unpadlockt, are two incomparable twins of the Liberty of the Subject! one may Write, Print, publiſh and diſperſe ingenious Libels, either againſt particular perſons of the Tory party, or the Government it ſelf, and no body the wiſer or the better for it: Sure as precious Mr. *Smith* held forth lately upon that deep point of Elections, *Never was this Nation in ſo fair a way of happineſs this Forty years; never was there more plentiful or painful uſe of the means; never ſuch powerful and Nation-ſaving an Ordinance as this of Printing, ſince the ſilencing of the Ordinances of the Lords and Commons from* 41 *to* 48. A Wedding, and I not there! nay, then all the fat would be in the fire: I'le go if it coſt me all the Shooes in my ſhop.

Earn. Have I met you Sir? I have been here three or four times this morning, and your maid *Clinch* told me you were gone abroad.

Jeſt, No Sir, You are under a miſtake Sir, for I tell you my ſelf Sir, if you will not believe her, that I am not at home Sir.

Earn. Oh admirable! what a proficient you are grown in the Art of Nonſence! this it is, when a man of Parts undertakes any thing of moment.

Jeſt, Pray Sir do not give me the trouble of your Company, I tell you again, I am gone abroad to morrow morning to ſweet Mr. *Populars* Wedding a *Haberdaſher* of ſmall Wares, and am not to be ſpoke withall. I am to do my ſelf the honour to Dance with Mrs. *Bride*, they ſay ſhe's a whirling Laſs, I'le whirl her, till ſhees as giddy as a Gooſe, and all the World runs round in her Head.

Earn. Nay that it doth already, ſhe was begotten in *Don Quixot*'s Windmill, born in a Storm when her Mother was coming by Sea aboard the *Reformation of Geneva*, Mr. *Turbulent Faction* taught her to Write and Read and Caſt Accompts, and ſhe is more Expeditious at Diviſion, Multiplication, and the Rule of Fractions, than a Clerk in the *Cuſtom-Houſe*, or a Merchants Accomptant. But pray what Company are you to have at this famous Wedding?

Jeſt. Why Sir I will not tell you, I am no blabb of my Tongue. There will be Mrs. *Apparition of Hatfield*, the Lady with the white hand, who hath promiſed to bring along with her *Joan of Arc, la Pucelle d' Orleans*, and *Beſs Barton* the Holy Maid of *Kent*, who are to be Bride-Maids; And if ſhe can perſuade him, Old *Freeman* the famous Piper of *Hatfield*, who, as the Story goes, was ſoundly laſh'd for coming back from Hell and telling Tales out of School, That he ſaw there a great Lord ſitting in a glowing Chair, and that there was ſuch another empty Chair of State, which they told him was reſerved for another.

Earn. You'l be as merry as forty Beggars I find; But why can't you have the Fiddles?

Jeſt, O that we might! But in truth Mr. Bridegroom hath taken ſuch an averſion againſt Fiddles, and Fiddle-ſticks, and is ſo afraid leſt Hodge ſhould come in Maſquerade and play upon him, miſtaking him for a Baſs-Viol, which I aſſure you if he were but hung againſt a Wall, he is not unlike, that he is reſolved to Renounce all Fiddles; and hath entred into a Solemn League and Covenant with himſelf to endeavour the utter Extirpation of Organs in the Kirk, and Fiddles in the State, as Popiſhly Affected, at leaſt, of Dangerous Conſequence, Enemies to the King and Kingdom, and inconſiſtent with a Thorough Reformation.

Earn. Very great I profeſs! And if Old Nick will be ſo kind to lend you his Piper upon occaſion who you are ſure is not Popiſhly Affected, that will do as well I find, and by the ways of Nonſence will be Heavenly Muſick. But prithee Sweet-heart what farthing was on the ſcore that induced Mr. *Popular* to matter o' money. I have heard the Rogue Talk as Learnedly againſt incloſing the Common, and for Liberty of Conſcience, as any Dog and Bottle-man in the Town?

Jeſt, Why Sir, to tell you the Naked Truth, I know no more than the Man in the Moon, but thus it was; Mr. *Popular* finding that his A L L was at ſtake, and wanting a *Help-meet* for him, and obſerving in this virtuous Maid of twice One and Thirty,

Youth, Beauty, Modesty and many other excellent Accomplishments, as Whispering, Gossipping, Tattling, Lying and Slandering, and that she had a numerous acquaintance, which might be very advantagious in the way of his Trade, he was resolved to make his Fortune, and settle himself in the World.

Earn. A very prudent Resolution, And what Trade do they intend to drive?

Jest. What Trade quothee! Have at all, Neck or nothing, The King Loves no Cripples: Win the Horse or lose the Saddle. They'l drive all before 'em, and so run down your little Retailing Tories, Masqueraders and Pensioners, That they will set up who they please, pull down whom they please, do and say what they please, make Lord Mayors, Aldermen, Common-Councellors, and what you please, what d'ye lack, what d'ye buy Sir, d'ye want any Commonwealth Hats or Cloaks? Here's your choice of Religions Sir, And if it were not for fear of *Topham*, I'le pawn my Life they would offer at your choice of——

Earn. Pish, They fear it not, they'l undo him with Selling *Habeas Corpus*'s, and make him stumble into his old Shop again. I tell you I saw 'em offer'd to Sale at a Broakers in the *Old-Baily*, I think they call him *Dick Baldwin*. But pray Sir satisfie my Curiosity, How will they be able to do all this.

Jest. Oh Easily: They will beget Apparitions with White hands and Red hands, Visions, Revelations, true Protestant Intelligences, Mercuries, Speeches, and so on to the End of the Chapter.

Earn. And what then?

Jest. Why then Mr. *Care*, who hath the prettiest graceful hand at it, shall dress the Sweet Babes in Lac'd Linnen, and *Fra. Smith*, *L. Curtis*, and Partners shall sell them, and People both City and Country with them.

Earn. What? Sell their Children say you?

Jest. Ay, and their Fathers too if they were alive. Nay their Souls too, for the good of the Cause, and to get money.

Earn. I protest they are men of Zeal, 'tis pity such men are not preferred.

Jest. All in good time: Every dog hath his day you know; they'l certainly have their turn at last, they take such indefatigable pains for't.

Earn. But when they have Sold this hopeful Breed, What then?

Jest. Why there's the Cream of the Jest, but you are not a Confiding Man, I cannot tell whether I may break the matter to you. But I think I may venture in the way of Old *Hudibras* his Prophecy of what is past.

When bard Words Jealousies and Fears
Have set's together by the Ears,
Then will Sir Knight abandon Dwelling
And out he'l ride a Colonelling. &c.

Earnest. Well Brother I understand Trap, but what if this Design should miscarry.

Jest. There's a But indeed, why it's but wearing a wooden Ruff, or at worst but making a wry face. Are you come to your Buts, then 'tis time for me to take up my Bows and Arrows, I do not love to be butted and bounded, that looks like your Law, and I am clearly for Liberty and Property, that is to say a Liberty to have the Saints the true and only Proprietors of the Goods of the Wicked, and spoil them as the *Israelites* did the *Egyptians*, as it was in the Golden Days of Yore.

Earn. Is it so fixthly Beloved; then, to avoid plundering and that I may be in the good graces of Mr. Bridegroom, and Mrs. Bride, pray oblige me with presenting them according to Custom with a little Furniture towards House-keeping, to adorn a Stair-Case or a Dining Room, here's an Inventory of them, and I'le send them presently.

Imprimis, A Picture of Pope *Gregory* the Thirteenth and *John Knox*, shaking hands; with this Inscription, *Agreed in the main, that Heretical Kings may be Excommunicated, Deposed and Murthered, either by Consecrated Daggers, or Sanctified Axes; For the rest we'l wrangle afterwards.*

Item. Mariana the Jesuit, and *Buchanan* the Presbyterian, with their faces looking several ways but the same words, *Ferro Perimere*, meeting in two Labels joyned in a true-lovers knot over their heads, and underneath in red Letters *Concordia Discors.*

Item, Dr. *Burgess*, Preaching against Prelacy and Pluralities, and three or four Steeples peeping out of his Pockets from under his Cloak.

Item, A Pope treading upon the neck of an Emperor with this known Motto, *Super aspidem calcabis & Basiliscum*; and *Hugh Peters* the Independent Pope, viewing the Execution of King *Charles* the First, with the no less known and abused Text in his Mouth, *To bind their Kings in Chains, and their Nobles in Fetters of Iron; This honour have all his Saints.*

Item, Oliver late Protector in compleat Armour, and his Ghostly Father the Devil driving a bargain of seven Years Reign at *Dunbar*, and under his Feet *Magna Charta*, *Magna F--a*, in his hand a Scroll written, *Liberty of Conscience to all except the Prelatical Party, but Favour only to Independents.*

Item, Mr. *Rich.* B. Preaching Saints Everlasting Rest to the Rebels slain in the late War. And *Philip Nye* the fam'd Independent, writing a Letter, advising the taking off the King: And underneath, *As you like this, you shall have more.*

Item, Pride and *Hewson* pulling the Commons out of the House, and fixing a Bill upon the Doors, *This House is to be Let.*

Item, Three or four small pieces, being the representations of the Battels of *Edge-hill*, *York*, *Naseby*, and *Worcester*, and upon them written, *For the preservation of His Majesties Person, and the good of the King and Kingdom.*

Item, A new Piece, being the Exaltation of *Harris* and *Celier*, and over their heads written in Capital Letters HANGING CHOICE.

Jest. Pray present that your self, or reserve it for a Quere. For I believe your Pump runs low.

Earn. No Sir, You are for a Wedding, and I am not for cloying your Stomach with *Toutes jours chapon bouille.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

STolen from an upper Room near the sign of the Stumbling-block *in* Dunstan Street, *an Excellent old Mouse-Trap, with a Delinquent-Mouse in it, and baited with a large piece of* Hamburgh *Cheese, intended for the relief of the poor Prisoners; if any person can give notice either of the Trap, the Bait or the Mouse, that so she may receive Condign Punishment for robbing the Spittle, they shall have for their reward what the Cat left in the Malt-heap.*

A most Ingenious Monkey, who can both Write, Read, and Speak as good sense as his Master, nurs'd in the Kitchin of the late Common-wealth, and when they broak up House-keeping entertained by Nol *Protector, may be seen do all his old Tricks over again, for Pence apiece every* Wednesday, *at his new Masters* Ben. Harris *in* Cornhill.

Seldom lies the Devil dead in a Ditch; *Or*, The good Old Cause revived, *being an Old Farce new Trim'd, shewing the way of turning an Ancient Monarchy, into a New* Venetian *Seigniorie: Written by the incomparable* H. N. *Author of* Plato Redivivus, *and Sold by* I. S. *or* S. I. *Price 6 d.*

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